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The BYSTANDER

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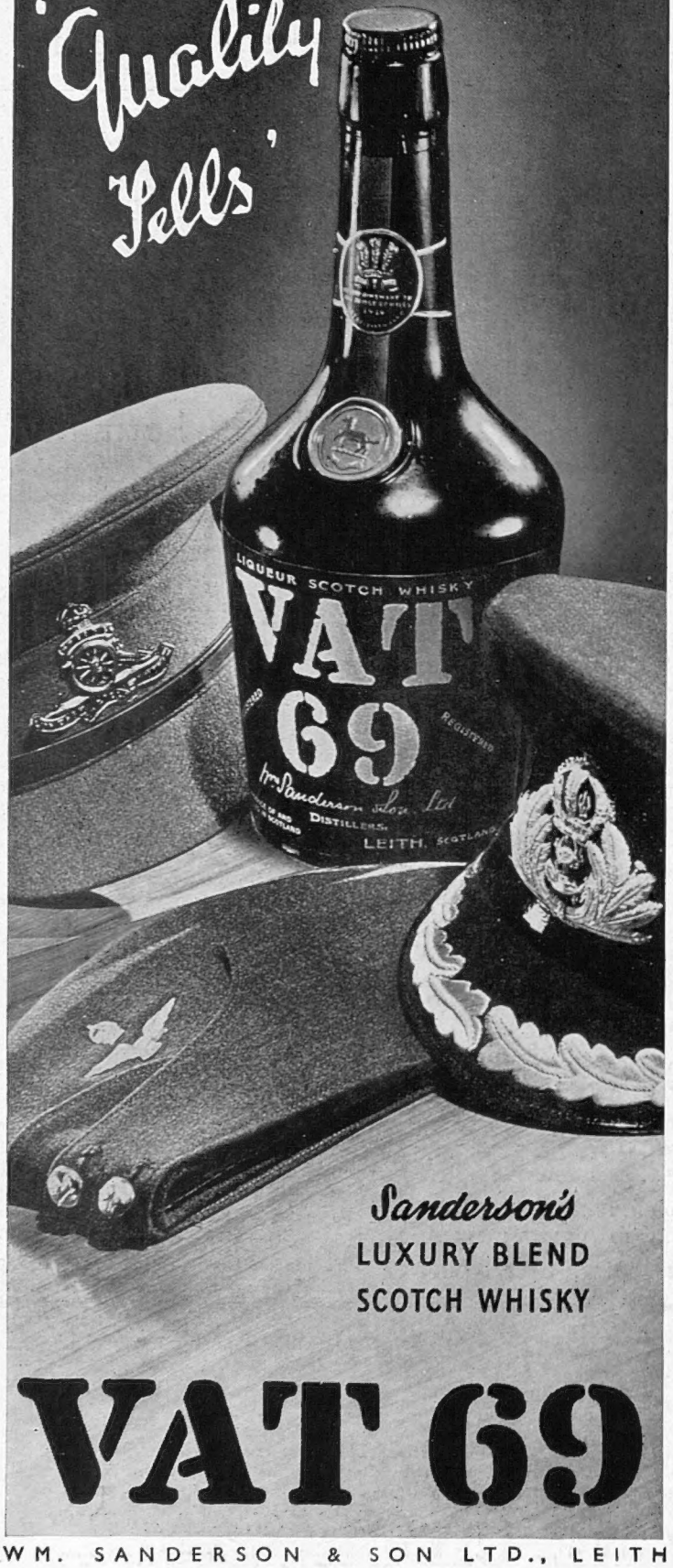

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The Bystander

True Story Teller: Mr. Somerset Maugham

In the foreword to his recently-published book of short stories, *The Mixture as Before*, Somerset Maugham announced that he would write no more short stories. But now he has himself become protagonist in a strange and perilous story, one of many thrown up by the colossal upheaval of the past month. In a broadcast last week he told, just after arriving in England, of his nightmare journey from the South of France, where he has lived for some years. With 700 other Britons from the Riviera, herded together in a small collier, he travelled for eight days from Cannes to Gibraltar via Oran. There a brief stay gave time for little more than a sorely-needed bath, and the ship sailed for another fortnight, still with 180 people aboard instead of the normal 36, before reaching England

The Passing Hour

Wartime Comments and Asides

By A. G. Macdonell

THE Czechoslovaks have added another page to the extraordinary epic of their history. At the end of the Battle of France, their army was heavily engaged on the Loire. They fought without a break against the motorised divisions, with the French surrendering and disintegrating all round them. Then the French Command, with the full knowledge of what would happen to any Czechs who fell into German hands, ordered them to disarm. The Czechs refused, and set out on a great march to the south coast of France, repeatedly threatened and ordered to disarm by the French local commanders. The Navy then took charge, and the Czechoslovak army is now in this country, ready and eager to continue the struggle.

AMONG the Class "C" aliens who have suddenly been interned are the following:

A scientist working at Cambridge for the Government on gas gangrene; agricultural students at Reading University (taken by the police whilst actually sitting for their final examinations); the expert on Germany's export trade who has been working for the Ministry of Economic Warfare; and the expert on agricultural chemistry who was recently called in by the Ministry of Agriculture to advise them on the extermination of the Colorado beetle.

THE damage caused by this indiscriminate internment of aliens is not confined only to individual experts. In the Teme Valley Estate eleven factories employing 900 British work-people have been closed down or are likely to be closed down because of the removal of Class "C" aliens. In the Treforest factory estate twenty key-men have been lost, and the export trade from the factories on this estate is going to suffer in consequence. Marconi's chief technical adviser, the leading international authority on the gramophone industry and one of Mr. Maynard Keynes's statistical assistants, all these have been taken away.

THE situation in Ireland continues to be of extreme gravity. The deadlock between Northern Ireland and Eire remains complete. Lord Craigavon says in effect to Mr. de Valera: "Declare war on Germany, put Partition out of your head and then I will co-operate in the defence of Ireland as a whole." Mr. de Valera replies in effect: "I will not give up neutrality and I will not put aside Partition."

IT is now time that we stopped blaming Marshal Pétain or Monsieur Baudouin or Monsieur Weygand for anything they say or do. They have committed their act of treachery and that is that. Everything they do now and say now will come directly from Berlin and not from the Casino at Vichy. Thus the order to the French airmen to bomb Gibraltar came not from the enfeebled old French Marshal but from the vigorous and successful General von Keitel, Chief of the German Staff.

A FORTNIGHT ago I told a little anecdote of a lady who defiantly violated the Order in Council against what Mr. Attlee so rightly calls treachery. You may remember that the lady proudly claimed exemption from all possible penalty on the ground that she was "in the Government." To my horror I find that some of my readers have looked up their books of reference and, on finding that the only two ladies "in the Government" are Miss Ellen Wilkinson and Miss Florence Horsbrugh, jumped to the conclusion that the lady in question must be one of these two. Of course nothing could be more absurd. The lady of the anecdote used her grandiloquent phrase to cover the fact that she was employed

New Chief Constable

Thomas Eric St. Johnston, station inspector, Metropolitan "B" Division, at Chelsea police station, has been appointed Chief Constable of Oxfordshire. He was a barrister before he became a policeman: took second-class honours in Law at Cambridge, was called to the Bar in 1934, then went to the Hendon Police College. He is twenty-nine

New Member for Montrose

The Hon. John Maclay was returned unopposed for Montrose in the by-election which followed Lieut.-Colonel Charles Iain Kerr's entering the House of Lords as Baron Teviot. Mr. Maclay is the youngest son of Lord Maclay, Glasgow ship-owner and former Minister of Shipping (1916-21). His eldest brother, the Hon. Joseph Maclay, is M.P. for Paisley. His wife, with him here, was Betty Astley before their 1930 marriage. Their home is in Renfrewshire

Parliamentary Fencibles

Peers, M.P.s and members of the staff of the Houses of Parliament began enrolling as L.D.V.s a fortnight ago, and since then have been doing their drill on Westminster School courtyard. Nearest the camera here are Sir James Edmondson, M.P., the Rt. Hon. James Stuart, M.P., and Mr. Orlando Williams, Principal Clerk of Committees and Private Bills. Commander is Brig.-Gen. Sir Ernest Makins, with Lord Marchwood and Mr. Grimston as seconds-in-command for Lords and Commons respectively

in some secretarial job. My trouble now is that if I have caused people to assume that Miss Wilkinson or Miss Horsbrugh are guilty of Fifth Column offences, then, obviously, I myself have committed the very same crime under the Order in Council against which I was so violently protesting. So if someone else writes this page next week you will be justified in assuming that I have been popped, and rightly popped, into the cooler.

At last, at long, long last, the British Union of Fascists has been banned. It has taken Sir John Anderson (Joe the Terror) ten months of war to reach this decision. He has also interned Admiral Sir Barry Domville of the "Link."

There is a possibility that the Purchase Tax may be dropped altogether, and I think it would be a good thing if it was. As it stands at present, the tax is to be put on between the wholesaler and the retailer, so that the retailer will have to pay the tax before he actually sells the goods to the customer. In effect, therefore, it is not a Purchase Tax, but a pre-Purchase Tax.

It seems extraordinary that the famous stained glass in the smaller churches in York should not have been taken out and stored in safety. The glass in the Minster itself has been dealt with, but there is a great deal of quite irreplaceable glass scattered throughout York. No one knows what damage has been done to the French stained glass, but it is quite possible that York is now unique. It may not remain unique for long unless something is done.

I happened to be passing the Chelsea Police Station the other evening and a large police car drove up. Out of it stepped a police-officer of enormous splendour, to judge by his uniform. A police-constable was driving the car. He also got out, and I hovered, fascinated, to watch the policemen immobilising their car before leaving it in the street. I was enchanted to see that they did not remove the switch-key nor any other part of the engine, nor did they lock the doors. I waited for ten minutes, and then went on my way wishing that I had led a better life and had become a special constable. For then I would have been able to deflate their tyres, which would have given me a goodish bit of fun.

The Royal Mint has casually mentioned that in 1939 it produced more than twenty million farthings, the biggest output of farthings on record. There are now more than 450,000,000 farthings in circulation. At least, that is the technical description. But who ever sees a farthing circulating? Where on earth do they all go? I don't know. But then, it appears that neither does anyone else.

My casual remark the other day on this page that "marshalling yards" is a new phrase to describe what we have always called "goods yards" brought me two letters of explanation. One was from Mr. George Dow, the information agent of the L.N.E.R., pointing out that marshalling yards and goods yards are quite different things. It appears that the latter is the place where wagons are loaded and unloaded, whereas the former is the place where the wagons are put together on to the right trains. The second communication which I got on this subject was from a certain Major, who opened fire on a postcard with the simple word, "Fathead." I wrote him an indignant postcard in reply, with the capital result that he has invited me, whenever he can spare a moment from intimidating parachutists in the neighbourhood of Woking, to have a drink with him.

Last week a correspondent of the *Manchester Guardian* went on orderly-room duty at dawn at the headquarters of his local L.D.V.s. He examined the log kept by the armed guard during the night watch and he found the following entry (the spelling and punctuation are the guard's own):

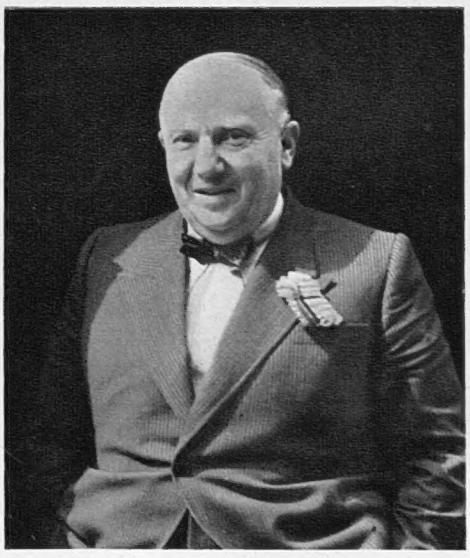
"Very quiet morning with a Hang Dog atmostfere which makes me long to cry, there will always be an England to hell with the Nazis Nothing Doing at all."

American Outpost

Americans still in London are rallying to Gordon Square, where William Allen White's Committee to defend America by Helping the Allies has formed an "outpost" under the command of Professor Arthur Newell, here seen with Mrs. Helen Parkins Gauntlett, former Director of International Relations for the American Association of University Women. The Committee, whose founder has achieved nation-wide fame for his outspokenness and honesty as a small-town newspaper editor, has made terrific strides in mobilising American opinion, which is now wide awake to the world menace of German aggression

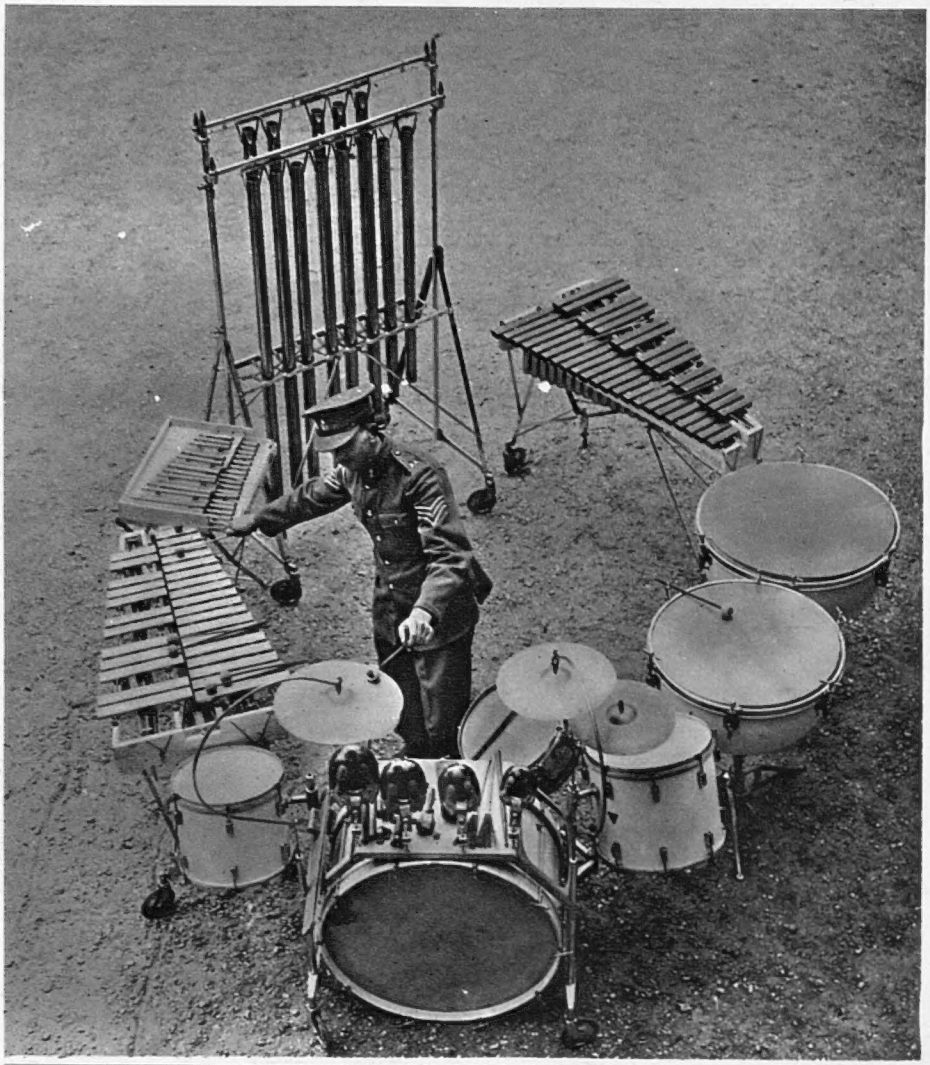
Author for Spain

Vagabond author, scholar and musician Professor Walter Starkie, who with his fiddle has wandered haphazard over most of Europe and recorded his impressions in a succession of fascinating books, has been appointed by the British Council as first Director of the new British Institute at Madrid. An expert on many countries, Professor Starkie has an especially deep knowledge of Spain and her history and culture. He is Professor of Spanish at Dublin University



Necklace-Buyer

Mr. Norman Weisz, of Deanery Mews, Park Lane, was the purchaser of a magnificent necklace of thirty-one diamonds presented anonymously to the Red Cross sale which began at Christie's last week. He paid £11,600 for it, top price in a day which produced altogether £29,221. Although there were no such spectacular bids on subsequent days, the total had risen after four days to £39,776. The sale, which includes many rare objets d'art, is continuing through this week



Signs o

More Music

Did Mr. Priestley say, in one of his Postscripts, that we need more music, gay, stirring music, in our lives? If he didn't he probably will, because he has the gift of uttering at least one sentence per broadcast which is just what hundreds of other people have been saying to each other or thinking to themselves. What the Nazis have been doing (and overdoing) since long before the war to stiffen the sinews and summon up the martial blood of Germany, we have sadly neglected. "Whistle while you work" is a good motto, but in these days it 's fine sometimes to have the whistling done for you, at work or in leisure hours. In London the surviving theatres are mainly showing musical comedies and revues, which proves something or other. The B.B.C. does a good job at the other end of the day with its "Dance While You Dust" and "Music While You Work" features, and the Council for the Encouragement of Music and the Arts has just given, among other grants, a £1000 subsidy to the Hallé Society to give concerts in industrial areas. But what we 'd all like are more bands, military bands, playing brassy, heroic music through the streets from time to time, and making us forget what it is good to forget momentarily: that war, as Lord Gort said, consists of long periods of intense boredom punctuated with moments of acute fear

The Army School of Music was closed when war began and students returned to their units. But now these military musicians are being trained once more, so that casualties can be replaced. Bandmasters are taught baton-conducting, drum-majors are taught mace-twirling, and drummers have to play a one-man band of their own

the Times

Less Aluminium

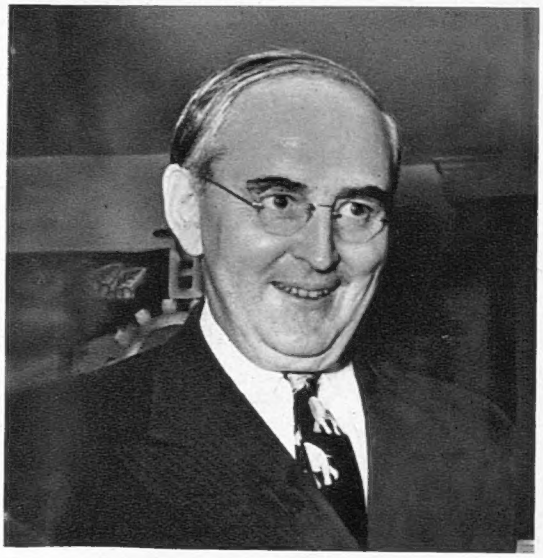
Last Tuesday Lord Beaverbrook said "Give us your aluminium. We want it, and we want it now." Pots and pans, kettles, vacuum cleaners, hat-pegs, coat-hangers, shoe-trees, bathroom fittings, cigarette-boxes, ornaments are all to be made into fighters and bombers. In four words (the *News Chronicle* produced this delicious slogan): "The kettle has wings." By Tuesday evening a hundred tons of the precious metal had been given over to the Women's Voluntary Services, who are the official collectors all over the country. And not a hundred tons of jumble, either: most of the pots and pans and shoe-trees and bath-taps came straight from home use to national service. One woman wrote to the *Times* pointing out that shops are still full of aluminium goods that anyone can buy. The answer to this appears to be that these are all pre-war-manufactured goods, and anyone can buy them—and give them to the Ministry of Aircraft Production. And the answer to "Why aluminium?" is that Germany now has the run of France's bauxite, from which aluminium is made. France, with 17 per cent., is the world's largest single producer of bauxite, and her output, plus that of Germany, Italy, Hungary and Yugoslavia, totals at least half the world's supply

The W.V.S. went into the scrap-metal business on behalf of Lord Beaverbrook with great enthusiasm and found themselves at once up to the ankles in aluminium. The Chelsea branch opened a dump outside the Town Hall; another branch hung a saucepan, a frying-pan and a kettle outside their headquarters pour encourager les autres

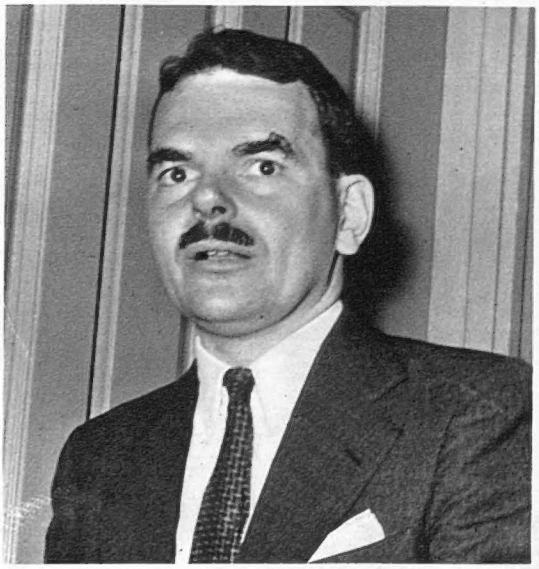
A Friend of Britain is Nominated for the United States Presidency

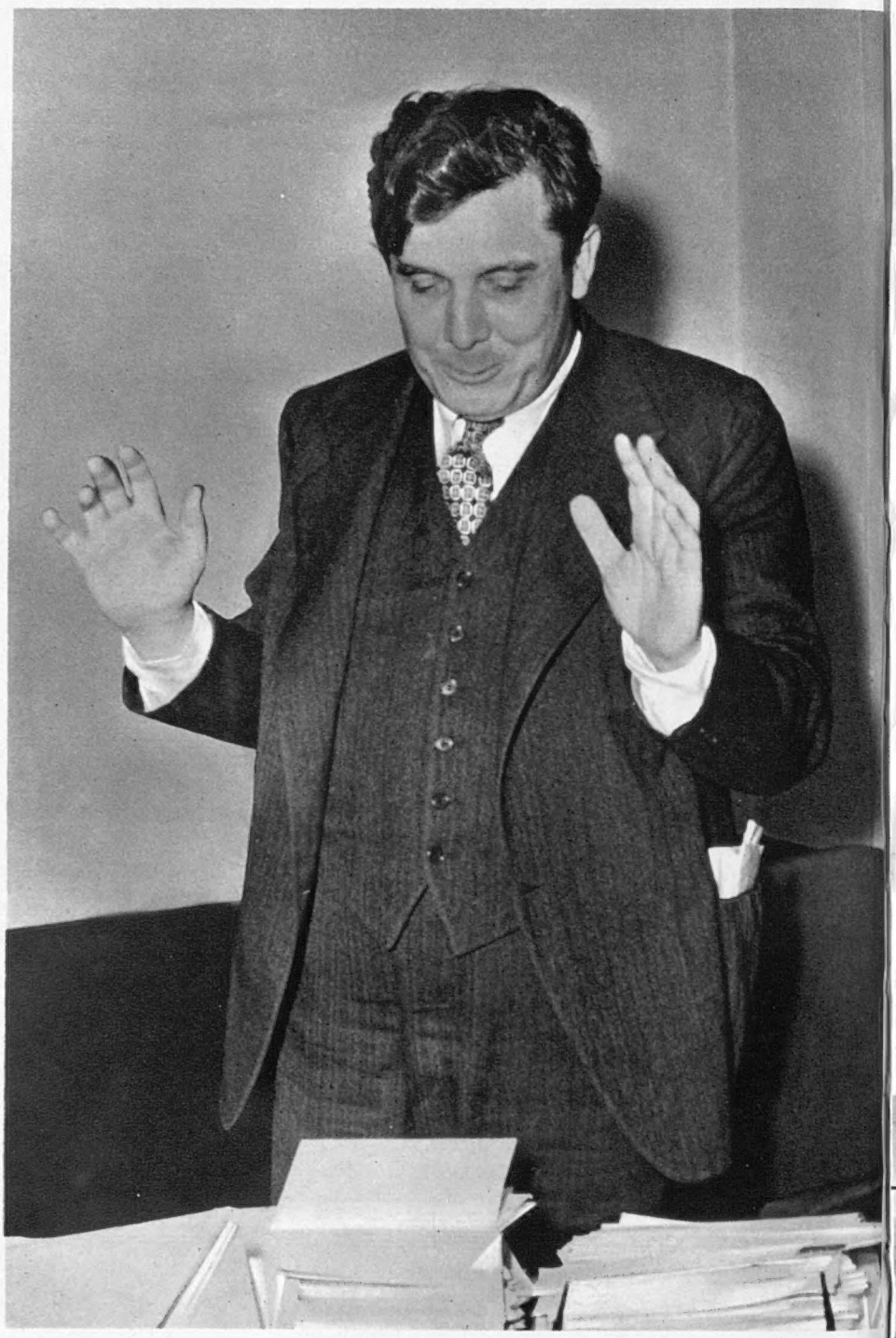
Wendell Willkie Sweeps the Board of Republican Machine Politics

Keynote *of the Republican Party convention at Philadelphia was given in a cautious speech by Herbert Hoover, last Republican President. Mr. Hoover called for competent preparedness in U.S. defence and advocated the supply of materials and munitions to those who fight for freedom*



Unsuccessful *candidates Arthur H. Vandenberg (above), Senator from Michigan, and Thomas E. Dewey (below), New York's racket-busting District Attorney, both had far more powerful political backing than Willkie. Dewey, whose exciting personality and record were supposed to cover up an especially casual idea of foreign affairs, led his opponents in the first three ballots, only to go down before a positive policy allied to an equally colourful personality*





Pictorial Press

"Yes," *said Mr. Wendell Willkie when newspapermen asked him whether he favoured helping Britain. Other candidates had said that the matter was worth looking into, that there was much to be said for it. But Mr. Willkie said plain "Yes," and in spite of, or maybe because of, that abandonment of candidate's caution, Mr. Willkie has been nominated as Republican candidate for the Presidency of the United States. Three months ago, when his own candidacy was a remote outside possibility, he wrote: "The American people tend to suspect political candidates. They know that each is told by his advisers to put on a smile as automatically as his hat, to be photographed going to church, and to play with his grandchildren if he has any—or with somebody else's grandchildren if he hasn't. The candidate should be a fisherman. But above all he must be careful what he says." And by neglecting all these things, Mr. Willkie now has at least a fighting chance of becoming President of the United States*

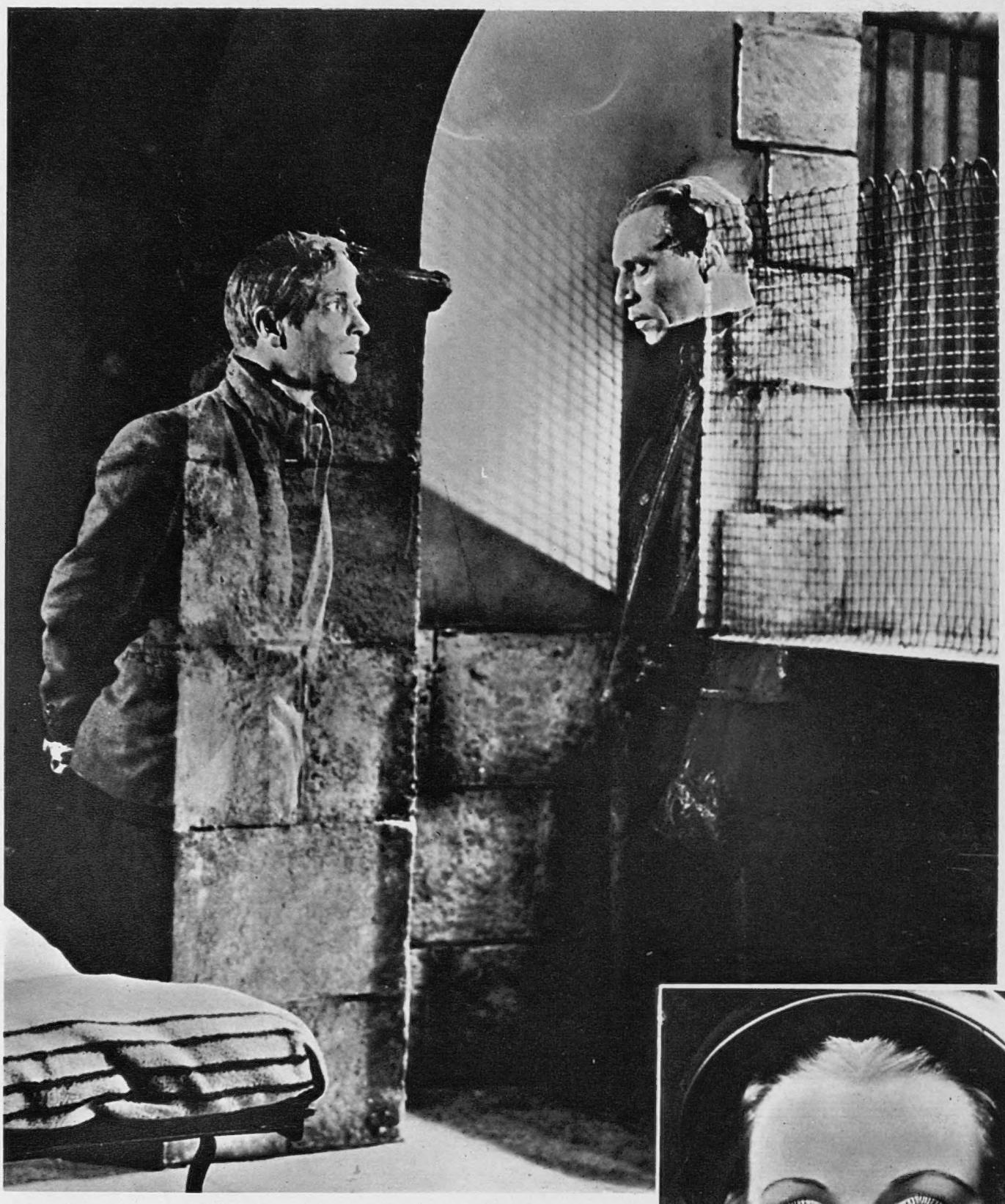
Just after the collapse of France had shocked what remains of the civilised world, the Republican Party of the United States held a convention in Philadelphia to choose their candidate to oppose Franklin Roosevelt or his nominee in this autumn's Presidential election. Three candidates had under the auspices of Party-machine bosses been for a long time building up their chances by a programme of baby-kissing, saying the right thing, veering with the wind, not committing themselves dangerously. They were Thomas Dewey, calculated to have a popular appeal because of the exciting and vigorous way he had smashed corruption as New York's District Attorney; Senator Robert Taft, of Ohio, a routine politician with neither views nor personality excessively colourful and son of a former President; and Senator Arthur Vandenberg, who has only lately switched, carted on the bandwaggon of popular opinion, from diehard Isolationism. The fourth candidate had no political background or build-up. His campaign only got under way in April and was backed not by any party machine, but by the enthusiasm of a group of political amateurs. This man, forty-eight-year-old Wendell Willkie, was distasteful as a candidate in every way. President of a great electric corporation with an office a block away from Wall Street, he was suspect in the West as a tool of big business; a man who cared more for freedom to speak his mind than for conformity, he was suspect as a madcap; an outspoken advocate of help for the Allies, he was suspect to all those who thought a go-slow policy would win the votes both of Allied supporters and of cautious believers in non-involvement. Yet at the sixth ballot, after starting third to Dewey and Taft, this man was elected and will fight, with a very fair chance of success, against the Democratic nominee (who may well be Roosevelt himself) in the final election next autumn. Officially the foreign policy plank of the Republican platform says, negatively enough: "We favour the extension to all people fighting for liberty, or whose liberty is threatened, of such aid as shall not be in violation of international law or inconsistent with the requirements of our own national defence." That leaves plenty of room for individual interpretation, and fortunately for Britain Mr. Willkie has made no secret of what he means by it

Pictorial Press

Shock-headed, *bear-like Wendell L. Willkie produces a winner's smile. One of his great assets is his immense enjoyment of the business of candidacy and especially of busting through the conventional shackles that surround it*

Cruising *away from Philadelphia for a brief rest on his way up to New York after the excitement of the Republican convention, Wendell Willkie and his wife, former librarian at his home town in Indiana, were guests of Roy Howard, influential newspaper magnate who has been a Willkie booster in the whirlwind campaign*

Congratulations *by the basketful were awaiting Willkie when he got back to his home. Many came from those all over America who believe with Willkie that in the present state of the world American Isolationism is a dead letter and that the Western Hemisphere cannot, for its own security, afford to face a wholly subjugated Europe*



Pierre Fresnay and Louis Jouvet in "La Charrette Fantôme"

Duvivier's Last French Film

Now that the French film industry may be presumed to have sunk into that special oblivion reserved for art under Fascism, and the great directors and actors who raised its level so high have fled or are silenced, *La Charrette Fantôme*, a story of death and the ghosts of men that die, writes a melancholy epilogue. Based on a story by Selma Lagerlöf, it tells of the legend that those who are about to die hear the wheels of a phantom chariot, and that he who dies at midnight on the last day of the year must drive that chariot for twelve months. Louis Jouvet as Georges, killed in a brawl at the crucial hour, is condemned for a year to the ghostly driving. Twelve months later, when he comes to hand over the reins, it is his old associate, David (Pierre Fresnay), who is at the point of death. But thanks to the efforts of Micheline Francey (right) as the Salvation Army sister, Edith, he is saved. The film, adapted and directed by Julien Duvivier, was the last he was able to finish before fleeing to Lisbon en route for America. At the Embassy, Tottenham Court Road

Micheline Francey as Sister Edith

The Theatre: By Herbert Farjeon

"Chu Chin Chow" (Palace)

THEATRICAL history would seem to suggest that it takes a great war to get *Chu Chin Chow* on to the stage. Last war, when it was first produced, it ran for five years and 2238 performances, or nearly a thousand performances more than any other piece presented in this country had ever run before. Then, for nineteen years, it lay, so far as London was concerned, dormant. But now, this war, here it is again, Oscar Asche's "immortal spectacle," as they describe it on the programme, though whether the spectacle is as luscious, sumptuous and immortal as in the old days I cannot say, never having seen it before.

I HAD always imagined that the stage of His Majesty's Theatre in 1916 was littered with livestock, but at the Palace this is limited to one donkey and one goat, a sort of token menagerie. I had also always imagined that there was a Big Bagdad Bathing Belle Scene, which created something of a hullabaloo in the days when stripping was still in its infancy. I seem, again, to have been as mistaken in this as in the impression that there was a Big Bagdad Torture Scene, which wrung every wither in the auditorium. True, the Forty Thieves (twelve in number) do have boiling oil poured on their heads when putatively hiding in their jars, but they let us off lightly, emitting not so much as a squeal, which I call most considerate. As, however, before this operation is performed, Abdullah sings rather a long song entitled "Sweet Olive Oil," it is possible that the liquid has cooled and that the inmates of the jars are not boiled alive, but merely in rather a mess.

THE music, of course, including the famous Cobbler's Song and the famous Robbers' Chorus, was already familiar, and even if it hadn't been, would have been by the time the performance was over. So was the custom, so persistent among all the fair sex in the Orient, of holding the two arms rigid at the sides, with the two hands extended outwards at right angles to the thigh. Why this, who knows? Unless, as they quite often say in *Chu Chin Chow*, it was "written in the sand." Before the war we were beginning to complain of sky-writing, but what they wrote in the sand round Bagdad must have been the despair of all who strove to preserve the amenities of the Mesopotamian countryside, providing plenty of work for the honorary secretary of the Society for Keeping Proverbs in their Proper Place.

LYN HARDING (who must now have played the villain almost as often as Mary Jerrold has played the mother or Robertson Hare has had his trousers taken off) is the new and nasty Abu Hassan. Rosalinde Fuller sweeps the board with a most satisfactory performance as his slave-girl. Sydney Fairbrother is back in her old part, Dennis Noble sings manfully, Jerry Verno extracts humour from Ali Baba, Marjorie Browne demonstrates that East is East and West is West and never the twain shall meet. But what with head wives, fortune-tellers, Javanese dancers, slave-buyers, slave markets, bazaars, palaces, caves and cactus groves, there is plenty of local colour, including a very good gong.

Purple passion: Marjanah (Marjorie Browne) and Nur Al-Huda Ali (Dennis Noble)

Sketches by Rouson

Toper from the East: Ali Baba (Jerry Verno)

Vengeance with a smile: Zahrat Al-Kulub (Rosalinde Fuller)

Abu Hassan, Shayk with various aliases (Lyn Harding)

Standing By . . .

One Thing and Another

By D. B. Wyndham Lewis

An optimistic note is struck by Rear-Admiral Byrd (hail to thee, blithe Spirit!), the American explorer, who says that in a few million years the Antarctic may be a tropical region, if another Ice Age doesn't intervene. Polar explorers are not generally given to these outbursts, their self-inflicted agonies making them rather laconic. All the great Amundsen could say when a friend of ours once sat him after a good dinner before a blazing log-fire was that it was better than being up to the neck in freezing slush; to which the obvious retort surely would have been "Why *get* up to the neck in freezing slush?"—a point no Polar explorer has ever gone into, we gather. Having read many books of Arctic and Antarctic adventure we find this business difficult to understand. The boys never seem really to enjoy a single minute of their misery before, during, or afterwards, and are too numbed and dazed even to quarrel, though judging by the nervously-reiterated assurances that everybody concerned was a damned good sportsman and the whitest man unhung, one feels a healthy set-to amid the icy wastes would have done them a world of good now and again. The tonic effect of this we experienced ourselves while exploring the Pyrenees with three other chaps some years ago, one hellish row every twenty-four hours being a pleasure to which everybody looked forward with increasing zest. Neither Byrd nor any other Polar hero seems ever to have fought with his friends, and as all recent explorers are strictly truthful—barring the excellent Dr. Cook, who died the other day, and bouncing George Borrow, to whose terrific mental and physical feats only himself was ever witness—our conclusion is that the Joy of Life is somewhat lacking in those hairy boys.

It's this joy which has often made travellers other than polar—their verve and imagination not being numbed by icy horrors—such agreeable liars, from Sir John Mandevil down. But nowadays they have to be more careful; news travels fast and obscure rivals may bob up unexpectedly from Xixopotlbotl or Kamschatka and insist on a showdown. Yet even to-day it can sometimes be done, as that little American sweetheart proved who wrote such a thrilling book about her sea-adventures a few years ago, practically all pure flafla. Moreover, she got away with the dough just in time, which (as any book on Success will tell you) is the thing.

"Now, I wonder what will be the outcome of this Munich business"

"He was a brilliant fireside strategist"

Lure

The latest problem for Life to set the advertising boys, one of them tells us, is What To Do With Our Undressed Sweeties. They have still a number of these on hand, stepping daintily into or out of, or reclining in, baths, or shyly fending off the curious eye with skilful towel-work, ogling the populace and telling them what Bloppo or Gumpo has done for their health. This was all right with the Authorities in less ominous days, but the ad. boys now feel the Government may think they are not being earnest enough in a crisis, and this worries the virtuous ad. boys not a little. Our own advice is simple. They can surely keep on using the same engaging female torsos if they vary the letterpress and give it a more patriotic and topical twist, labelling each exquisite near-nude charmer firmly as an A.T.S. major or a policewoman or a girl fireman keeping fit? Nobody will believe it to begin with, naturally, but it will satisfy the proprieties, and in due course—who knows?—it may result in a new school of policewomen and so forth who actually do look like that. When the Gibson Girl torso was the rage, England was full of Gibson girls. When some Parisian couturier decided a little later that women should stop having figures, women stopped having figures. This is a mystery, physiological and psychological, no one has ever explained. On the eve of the 1914-18 war the West End stage, as old boulevardiers will tell you, was crowded with magnificent, well-upholstered creatures swishing and stamping round like ox-eyed Junos. Hardly had the Germans entered Belgium before the West End stage was full of tiny little actresses, wispy, exquisite sylphs whom the merest breath of a trombone could blow away, and often did. Hence if a new alluring A.T.S. or policewoman-type is created and boosted sufficiently by the ad. boys we shall soon see it in the flesh, though, of course, not so intimately as the ad. boys seem to. Moreover, the populace will soon take it for granted, suggestion being a wonderful

thing. The Botticelli Venus and the Velasquez ("Rokeby") Venus look to us already as if they'd just discarded tin hats and whistles. That Ingres nude called "La Source" is surely doing a little pitcher-lifting to keep herself in trim between spells of duty at the fire-station? And as for Titian's "Milky Way," it's our feeling that the voluptuous central figure in that charming scene is about to call laughingly for her tunic and trousers at any moment and go on parade.

If you think this speculation unscientific, may we quote you one actual metamorphosis vouched for by an observer we know? Six months ago he often used to see a rather plump, square, curly, stocky little girl fireman staring into a certain stationer's window full of Kirschner girls. To-day that same sweetheart practically *is* a Kirschner girl, at least three inches taller, several pounds lighter, willowy, and with entirely different legs. Is that the Power of Suggestion or is it the fine weather we've been having? You can't answer it.

Drama

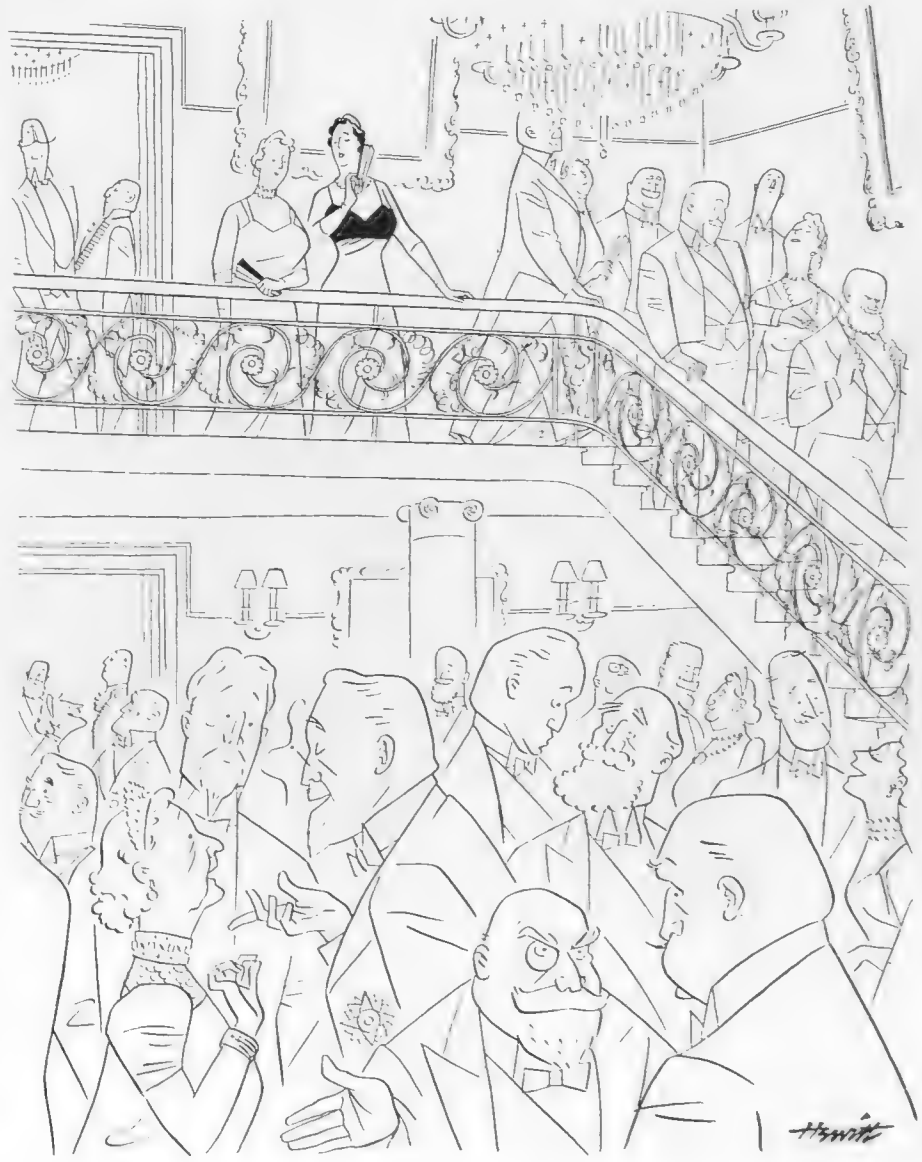
NOTING that Hollywood is about to make a film of Slogger Somerset Maugham's dramatic episode, *The Letter*, which we happened to have read again just recently, we wondered idly what new necessary twist the film-director can possibly get into it this time. It's one of those cast-iron Malayan plots, you may remember. Love-Starved Mem with Big Trustful Husband shoots Friend of Family dead and is Slung in Can, pleading Defence of Honour. Inscrutable Chinese finds letter from L.-S.M. to F.F. throwing Somewhat Different Light on Affair. B.T.H. has to buy back letter, and L.-S.M. on acquittal Tells Lawyer All, leaving him Aghast at Feminine Devilry. Even Hollywood can't muck about much with a story like that, and the only variant possible we can see is to introduce a travelling English author into the story. Big Trustful Husband sees this author jotting down a few hasty notes and says genially "Goin' to write us all up, what?" and the author says "Naturally." This soon gets round to L.-S.M. in prison, and she begs the author to call. She then says to him coaxingly, "I'll bet your agent will sell this story of yours to Hollywood!" The author says "Naturally," and L.-S.M. says, "Well, if I get off can I play the lead?" This puts the travelling author in a quandary, knowing that L.-S.M. has by no means the sort of box-office pan necessary to play a Hollywood lead, and that the part is practically a wow for Joan Blondell. This is plain from his expression, and creates what is called a Suspense Angle. He mumbles something or other and goes, L.-S.M. is then acquitted, and, since the travelling author has been foolish enough not to pack quickly and leave for Java, she gets round that evening and shoots him as well. "That," she says, "will teach you to capitalise the emotional problems of us mems in the far-flung Imperial outposts, you old literary exploiter." "By Gad, little girl, you're right!" says B.T.H. folding her in his manly arms, his red knobbly knees a-quiver. Tropic sunset and slow fade-out.

Shrine

OUR recent reference to the six Vestal Virgins who at one time during the 1880's tended the sacred flame in the little stone Temple of Vesta Liberalis, on the National Liberal Club terrace, has moved an old member to inform us that as there were some 60,000,000 Liberal Vestal Virgins roaming footloose about the country at the time, the choice was difficult and the Committee were in something of a quandary. Eventually they chose six sweethearts relatively easy on the eye, which, says this chap, "led to a certain amount of playful pushing and slapping and general flafla and resulted in at least one of the Vestal Virgins—Charity Weake, I think it was—losing her pince-nez during a by-election result scuffle in the smoking-room (she said). Meanwhile the Committee of the Athenæum, stung to rivalry, had erected an altar in the vestibule to Venus Erycina and also partitioned off a portion of the Ladies' Annexe for the rites of the Bona Dea, during which three aged professors of anatomy and a Cambridge biologist were torn to pieces in Jubilee Year, 1897. In the same year a white heifer bedecked with flowers and about to be sacrificed in the vestibule said severely to the Secretary: "Are you aware that the Dean of Barchester is entertaining me shortly to tea?" This unusual use of the word "entertaining" started a discussion in which several members were injured. By this time the whole of Clubland had caught the fever. Even the Green Room Club began eagerly combing the West End for vestal virgins, a quest of which the Theatrical Garden Party is now the principal result.

Meanwhile the N.L.C. experiment, as we have recounted, proved a fiasco, and the Athenæum scheme soon languished as well, though the statue of Venus over the main portico is still honoured with marble votive tablets, the most recent being one inscribed: "J. H. Bilkin, Ph.D., orante, Regina, sublimi flagello tange Gertie Potter semel arrogantem!" ("J. H. Bilkin, Doctor of Philosophy, prays you, Queen of Love, to lift your whip and strike that haughty Gertie Potter just once.") The hall-porter has orders to hand demonstrators over to the police.

D. B. Wyndham Lewis



"I make it sixteen with beards and nine *with bald heads"*

Old Bill and Co. : By Bruce Bairnsfather

"What 's worryin' me, mate, is that p'raps 'Itler will pull some dirty trick, like not invadin' us"

Films of the Day

North Sea Convoy for a Triangle

By George Campbell

It looks as if England has found another film director. His name is Pen Tennyson; he is a great-grandson of the creator of the Enoch Arden whose end was so gratifyingly expensive ("The little town has seldom seen a costlier funeral"), and he has made three intelligent films in a row. The first, *There Ain't No Justice*, was a realistic little tale of a Cockney boxer. *The Proud Valley* was designed as an epic of the brotherhood and essential nobility of man, set against the background of a Welsh mining village, and came pretty near succeeding. *Convoy*, completing the hat-trick, tells of the efficiency and gallantry of British sailors charged with guarding our sea routes.

With few signs of the originality and maturity of the other two stories—the plot is formula and the characters out of stock—*Convoy* still contrives to be good, sound entertainment. The first problem in tales of the Royal Navy is how to work in a little sex-appeal. This time there was no need to weigh anchor with the captain's wife coyly sheltering behind the flag-lieutenant's door. The convoyed ships offer limitless possibilities, and if the authors did not rise to all of them, they did not forget to include the flighty young woman who was Captain Armitage's wife until an affaire with a lieutenant on the China Station—you know how dull life is on the China Station—resulted in a divorce. Bad show. Worse, the lieutenant didn't marry her, and soon the name of the Cad Who Let the Little Woman Down became a byword in the mess and a hissing audible from Shanghai to Sheerness.

Imagine the scene when a new lieutenant walks aboard Captain Armitage's ship, and he turns out to be none other than the man under a cloud. Contemptuous politeness on the captain's part; a defiant nonchalance, with a hint of a sardonic, ironic, Byronic smile playing around the mouth of the handsome lieutenant. A sneer from the captain, a hot retort by the lieutenant, and they agree that, except when duty calls, it would be well if they did not meet.

Enter the skipper of a tub carrying refugees from Poland—or, rather, he doesn't enter, being an obstinate egotist who thinks he can get along better without an escort, and accordingly ignores instructions. Amongst his passengers is a young Englishwoman, and it will give you a shock when I reveal that it was she who shocked the Service out of its well-known silence with her loose behaviour in Shanghai.

Now for the complications. The destroyers have strict orders not to leave the convoy; the enemy use the rebel skipper as bait to decoy one vessel and leave the rest open to attack by the Deutschland; Captain Armitage has to choose between Duty, stern daughter of the voice of God, and Lucy, the not-so-stern ex-wife of his bosom. Since Captain Armitage is Clive Brook, you know what his decision will be; but his Byronic junior thinks of Lucy, detaches a destroyer and 'plane to rescue her. The captain is just in time to arrest his insubordinate and fetch back the destroyer, but the 'plane is shot down by Germans aboard the captured merchantman. The climax is Captain Armitage's gallant decision to attack the pocket-battleship, thus giving the convoy time to reach the shelter of a British minefield.

The battle scenes—made with the co-operation of the Royal Navy, as, indeed, the whole film was—are extremely well done, and if the love interest is a little synthetic, the roar of the guns, the impact of high explosive, and the fire near the magazine, not to mention the glimpses of the routine side of convoy work, are realistic enough for anybody. It only remains to add that that gifted young actor, John Clements, plays the lieutenant, and Judy Campbell the siren, and that she clears his honour by revealing that it was she who refused to be made an honest woman.

I had hopes of *The Blue Bird*. Shirley Temple has often made me laugh, in my simple, sentimental way; and as for the Maeterlinck opus, I had (*a*) forgotten, if in childhood I ever realised, how terrible it was; and (*b*) relied on Hollywood butchering the original in the time-honoured manner. Alas! this is one tree the woodmen seem to have spared. The allegory is unveiled in all its pretentious imbecility, with pedestrian dialogue, obvious characterisation and (in the scene of the future) hundreds of youngsters ranging oddly from six to sixteen, all (still more oddly) with good Anglo-Saxon names, waiting impatiently to be born, or resisting their début with plaintive platitudes and much embracing of girl friends. The best things in a massive Technicolor oleograph are the forest fire (if you still like forest fires) and the transformation of the dog and cat into the humanised Tylo and Tylette. Miss Temple, now a bouncing schoolgirl, with the sturdiest of legs, has one more film to come. Then she retires, temporarily at all events, into the limbo reserved for hags of eleven.

The other new films call for little comment. *If I Had My Way* teams Bing Crosby and the twelve-year-old Gloria Jean in a pleasant trifle about an orphan and the riveter who befriends her, and how they trim the crooks in the big city. *An Angel from Texas* is backstage stuff, unworthy of George S. Kaufman. As for *The Lone Wolf Strikes*, the title will speak for itself if you know the series; and if you don't, you don't have to.

Convoyers

Captain Armitage (Clive Brook) outlines a plan of action in his cabin while Lieutenant Cranford (John Clements), abductor of Armitage's wife, who by an Admiralty whim has found himself under his command, looks over his shoulder. "Convoy," which is reviewed on this page, was made with the co-operation of the Admiralty, who allowed author, director (Pen Tennyson) and cameraman to make trips with actual convoys, and is showing at the New Gallery

Convoyed

An independently-minded merchant skipper from Yorkshire (Edward Chapman) is bringing refugees home from Poland, among them the unfaithful Mrs. Armitage (Judy Campbell). At first he refuses to join the convoy, is captured by a U-boat, rescued by a destroyer patrol and brought within Captain Armitage's fold, only to slip out again and run slap into the Deutschland. Climax of the film is a battle between the pocket-battleship and Armitage's cruiser

The "Bystander" visits

The Soviet Embassy

Chairman *of the Council of People's Commissars and Soviet Foreign Secretary, Viacheslav Mikhailovitch Molotov, looks down from the wall of M. Maisky's study, while Lenin (on a hammer and sickle mounting) and Stalin fill in the corners. A radio is an almost indispensable piece of desk furniture for diplomats nowadays and M. Maisky takes care not to miss the lunch-time news, a necessary precaution with his own amongst other countries changing the map of Europe at such a rate*

The "riddle of the Kremlin" remains unsolved for enterprising military and political theorists to toy with. One thing that is certain is that, as Mr. Macdonell said in the "Bystander" last week, "the Soviet long-term strategy is extremely able. The Russians have now tied up their defensive frontiers from Viborg to the mouths of the Danube very neatly indeed." How they intend to use the immense power rapidly accruing to them is quite another question, and one that may well give Herr Hitler some of his sleepless nights. What with one thing and another, M. Ivan Mikhailovitch Maisky has been a frequent caller at the British Foreign Office lately, especially since the appointment of Sir Stafford Cripps as British Ambassador in Moscow brought about a renewed cordiality between the two countries. M. Maisky is the son of a doctor, was educated at Omsk in Siberia, and at the Universities of St. Petersburg and Munich, and was a journalist before he entered the Soviet diplomatic service, his first job being as Chief of the Press Department at the Moscow Foreign Office. An odd thing is that his life seems to run in decennial cycles: in 1912 he first came to England as an exile; in 1922 he joined the Diplomatic (and, incidentally, got married); in 1932 he returned to England as Ambassador. A subsidiary "riddle of the Kremlin" is what 1942 will bring forth for this man who is very high up in the counsels of the Soviets

Millionaires' Row *is the nickname of Kensington Palace Gardens, where stands the Soviet Embassy. Architecturally fully in keeping with the deplorable traditions of that district, the Embassy boasts a fine view from the terrace across its own garden and Kensington Gardens, on to which it backs. Sandbags are evidence that the Russo-German non-aggression pact gives no confidence of immunity for Russia's envoy at the Court of Germany's foe*

Ukrainian *M. Mikhail Korj is First Secretary and Press Attaché of the Embassy. His native land, one of the most important of the republics which form the Soviet Union, was long held up as Hitler's ultimate objective, with its enormous and rich wheatfields. M. Korj, who has been in London two and a half years, stands against the elaborate mantelpiece of his study, above which is an equally elaborate pictorial fantasy by a Russian artist depicting (not altogether accurately) units of the Soviet Navy in Arctic waters*

***Ambassador** of the Union of Soviet Socialist Republics at the Court of St. James's, M. Ivan Mikhailovitch Maisky first came to this country in 1912, then no official envoy but a political exile from the Tsarist regime. He remained in England until the Russian revolution in 1917, and returned to London as Counsellor of the Soviet Embassy in 1925. Since then he has been Counsellor in Tokio and Minister in Finland, where he negotiated and signed the late-lamented Soviet-Finnish non-aggression pact. He has been Ambassador here since 1932, succeeding Sokolnikoff, who was discredited and gaoled at one of the treason trials that livened up Moscow a few years back*

Photographs by Tunbridge-Sedgwick

Photograph

This is the story of Nellie Dupont.
She came over from France to stay with an Aunt . . .

She wanted to see some soldiers, not just one here or there,
But a whole battalion marching round the square . . .

The sentry shouted "Who goes there?", and Nellie would have fled
But he put his arm around her waist and held her there instead . . .

The sergeant went on kissing her for quite a little while;
He was quite a good technician with a very good military style . . .

The captain dropped his eyeglass and you should have seen his face,
And he said to the sergeant-major: "You're a positive disgrace . . ."

The colonel drove her home in his car and left her at the gate;
He hoped her Auntie wouldn't think he'd brought her home too late

Franco-Hungarian: Magda Kun as Nellie Dupont

It is not easy to recognise from these pictures or that on the opposite page the petite platinum blonde with her hair scraped back and a plait over her head who made such a hit in *Happy Week-end!* with her husband, Steve Geray, at the Duke of York's way back in '34. But it is still Magda Kun, now as firmly established as a ranking musical-comedy and revue star in the West End, as before coming over here she was in her native Hungary. Her current show is the amusing little revue, *Come Out of Your Shell*, at the Criterion, from which these pictures of her song, "Arms and the Girl," were taken. With no theatrical or voice training, she went on the stage in Budapest at the age of fifteen and came to London by way of the Komödie and Moulin Rouge in Vienna. Since her first appearance here she has taken part in several successful shows with her husband as well as winning great popularity with him during a joint cabaret engagement at the Dorchester. On her own she has done a lot of television work and made films, the latest being *Room for Two*, with Frances Day and Vic Oliver

Anthony

*1. **In Oklahoma's dust bowl** farm tenants find big banks have taken over their land to work it on a large scale. In rage and despair some farmers resist being turned off the fields their families have held for generations, but the "cats" (caterpillar tractors) drive relentlessly on, often through shack homesteads and barns. This happens to the Joad family in "The Grapes of Wrath"*

"The Grapes of Wrath"

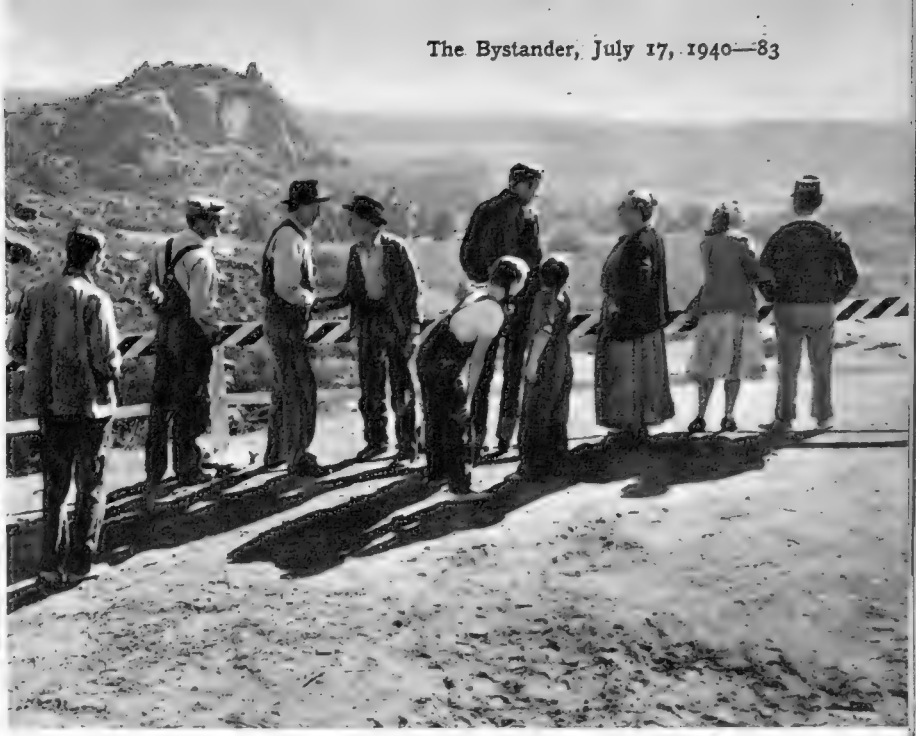
The Film of Steinbeck's Great Novel

*2. **Tom Joad,** out of prison after serving four years for killing a man in self-defence, comes back to find his family homeless. They decide to go West to California, where they've heard there is good work and wages and "pretty little white houses to live in." Here are Grampa, Uncle John, Rosasharn, Tom's sister, Noah, Pa, Tom, Al, Tom's brother, Connie, Rosasharn's husband (Charley Grapewin, Frank Darien, Dorris Bowdon, Frank Sully, Russell Simpson, Henry Fonda, O. Z. Whitehead, Eddie Quillan)*

*5. **Work is hard to get** as gold in the land of promise, and the Joads find there's no mercy from the law for the homeless and jobless. They move from settlement to camp and from camp to ranch. At the ranch they get work picking peaches but their pooled wages aren't enough to buy meat. Ma (Jane Darwell) sees in her men's faces the despair she dreads*

*6. **Rosasharn,** christened Rose of Sharon, is going to have a baby. Her courage fails when she finds her weakling husband, Connie, has deserted her just when she most needs him. In her hand she holds the poster which enticed the Joads on their long trek from Oklahoma to California, and which they find to have betrayed their hopes*

3. Into a rickety truck, *home-built on an old roadster, the Joads pack their belongings and themselves, and set out on Highway 66. The migration of the "Okies" is the greatest in American history, greater even than that of gold-rush days. More than 200,000 set out for California, most of them to find the West more heart-breaking and inhuman than the desert they crossed to get there*



4. The land of promise *stretches, golden and fertile, before the Joad family's eyes as they leave the terrible Mohave desert behind them. On the way Grampa died, unable to live away from the land he loved, and the Joads buried him secretly by the roadside*

Hundreds of thousands of people in England and America paid 8s. 6d. or its equivalent in dollars for John Steinbeck's novel, *The Grapes of Wrath*. Darryl Zannuck paid £15,000 for it, highest movie price of the year (1939). In America this action raised a storm of protest from political and business interests who resented the novel's picture of the Oklahoma migration and the migrants' treatment in California, of disapproval from those who thought the novel "vile" and "obscene." Zannuck ignored the storm, and spent eight months turning his purchase into a film in closely-kept secrecy. For director he chose John Forde, among whose best-known films are *The Informer*, *Stagecoach*; for actors and actresses he chose Jane Darwell for Ma Joad and Henry Fonda for her son Tom, and then a cast who could most closely parallel the types photographed when Steinbeck was collecting material for his book among the real "Okies." Of the result, shown in America six months ago, *Life* wrote: "Bitter, authentic, honest, it marches straight to its tragic end with a reality that suggests a superb news-reel, with a courage that merits a badge of honour for the U.S. movie industry." *The Grapes of Wrath* will be shown at the Odeon from July 22nd

7. Ma and Tom *(Jane Darwell and Henry Fonda) are the chief characters in "The Grapes of Wrath." Ma Joad is prototype of the great army of nameless heroines who hold their families together through happiness and tragedy, cooking, scrubbing, sewing, and out of their own indomitable hearts giving their men and their children courage to live*

8. Fugitives *are Casy, Tom's ex-preacher friend, who throws in his lot with the Joads, and Tom himself. Casy is shot by the police, Tom avenges him, and then goes off alone to save his family from trouble, while the Joads set off once more on their search for work and a home*

This lovely old Sussex house was equipped as a convalescent home for officers soon after war began

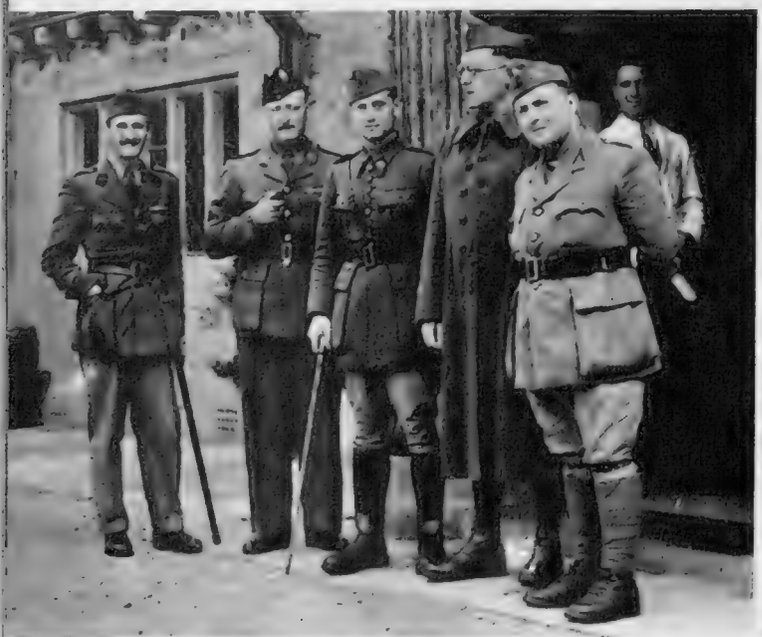
Recuperation de Luxe

British and French Officers Convalesce at a Country House in Sussex

The Commandant is a senior officer with a big administrative job to perform from his desk in one of the beautiful Period rooms

Photographs by Swaebe

The Matron wears medal ribbons that bear witness to her long service and her work in the last war. They include a Mons star and the oak-leaf which stands for a mention in despatches



Patients include officers of both British and French regiments. They have everything they need and deserve to make them fit again ; besides medical attention and the peaceful country-house atmosphere and superb garden, there are endless games and amusements, including an electric miniature replica of Addington golf course

The V.A.D.s work hard under the severe eye of the Sister in charge, but it 's their good luck to be posted to one of the most attractively situated convalescent homes in the south of England. These four are Nira Pears, Margaret Beall, Betty Rowburn and Barbara McNeill, daughter of Mrs. John Dewar, who is honorary Vice-President of the Sussex Red Cross

The "Bystander" Bookshelf

What's What

By V. S. Pritchett

HARD as nails, soft as sugar-plums, the American reporters are a rich man's children who would die rather than admit they did not know the world. They sweat after sophistication; *Who's Who*—and even more, *What's What*—are their Ph.D. theses. Their other aim in life appears to be that of people who want to pass as having started a night club in a Methodist chapel. Life, liberty and the pursuit of snappiness—the American Constitution itself provides for the perfect reporter. We envy that irreverence, that entrée into the bathrooms of the elect; we read with awful pleasure, but our journalism cannot produce the breed. Even our most Americanised gossip-writers keep a few blushing euphemisms up their sleeves and, like the Scottish model who lost her virtue, come back from their "assignments" with the private and inhibiting suspicion that "they did not ought to have went." Especially if the job required a nodding acquaintance with general culture. There is an important difference here. The English reporters are invincibly low-brow, and they hardly ever rise above public-house jokes about art and literature, and utter them in a smoke-room aside.

Janet Fletcher (Genêt of the *New Yorker*) is one of the most accomplished and literate of the American school. *An American in Paris* (Hamish Hamilton; 10*s.* 6*d.*) is a collection of her terse, smart, irreverent, kindly-unkind dossiers, chiefly about the shinier personages of the last twenty years. It begins untypically and unfairly with a portrait of Queen Mary—unfairly, because we are unable to be fair to our Royalties until they have been dead a hundred years. For us the Royal House is a muddled and rather pleasant political emotion; for the Americans it is an enchanting and almost zoological fact. The English dearly love a lord; the Americans dearly love a king or queen. Genêt is not one of the debunkers; a good gossip, she is an artist in surprise and curiosity. "In the morning Queen Mary whistles a good bit when alone in her apartments"—that is the line. Why not in the afternoon? And if alone in her apartment how does anyone know? The virtue of American reporting at its best is that it is good guessing. The fantastic Ambassador Bullitt follows with his divorces, his visits to Russia. Genêt has done a course in diplomatic gossip. "Those who love Bullitt think he merits all he has received from life; those who do not love him think he is a trick done with mirrors." There are Lady (Handsprings Across the Sea) Mendl; the late "friend of the people" and international nose, M. Coty; Isadora Duncan; Schiaparelli—it is odd to think of her occupying a cottage where Rousseau once lived—the Balzacian Mme. Hanau; and Edith Wharton, who hoped her final epitaph would be: "She was a friend of Henry James." With Mme. Hanau one approaches Genêt's best subject: crime. She has a special taste in murderers and the complementary one in executioners, who are represented by a very good essay. This is an account of the Deibler and Desfourneaux families, the chief servants of "The Widow." Anatole Deibler died "on his way to work"; he was off to do a job for the Government at Rennes. With his death, the

Authoress in Uniform

Mrs. Francis Fisher, who writes under her first married name of Violet Cressy-Marcks, is no novice of modern warfare. She has travelled in every country of the world, was in Abyssinia during the Italian war, and spent 1937 and 1938 in China, travelling overland from Burma to Peking, visiting the Chinese Red Army leaders in remote Shensi, and making a very perilous way further west to Kokonor, the Blue Lake on the border of Tibet. A result of this journey is her book "Journey into China," which was recently published by Hodder and Stoughton. In this photograph, Mrs. Fisher is in the uniform of the Anglo-French Red Cross

office reverted to its old practitioners, the Desfourneaux, a much intermarried family of executioners who "at royal command" went in for torture at Issoudun, and are mentioned in Balzac. After the lycée, Anatole Deibler at first tried to dodge his family fate by working in a Paris department store. He persuaded the Government to allow him to do his military service, from which the profession is exempt—but "four years of suffering as the barrack's butt only brought him the nickname Chin-Chopper. Embittered, he accepted what he could not avoid, went to Algiers, and took up the dynastic burden, becoming valet to his antique but hearty grandfather. (Executioners are peculiarly long lived.)" The Desfourneaux are a family of Bavarian origin who last century brought a touch of Teutonic mysticism to the job. The present incumbent is the son and grandson of executioners, and his wife is the daughter of a headsman of Saint Mihiel.

Now the English moneyed classes have stopped being sentimental about Mussolini, a book like *What Mussolini Did to Us*, by Dr. Paolo Treves (Gollancz; 12*s.* 6*d.*), may remind them of some useful facts. Dr. Treves is the son of the Italian socialist leader who escaped from Italy because he did not care for Fascist police "protection." The persecution of the Treves family dated indeed from Mussolini's guilty conscience about the murder of Matteoti; but there was an earlier quarrel. No one has accused the author of *The Cardinal's Mistress* of delicacy about the female sex. Treves fought a duel with Mussolini because of remarks made by him about his (Treves') wife. Years later, after Treves' flight, Mussolini began a sedulous persecution of the unhappy lady and her two sons. For years they had police at the door, and reports were made hourly on their doings. Dr. Paolo and his brother were hardly more than boys at the time, and he gives an entertaining, if also painful, account of what family life was like under the Italian inquisition. One of the significant things about the persecution was the reluctance and inefficiency of its tools. The detectives, lazy, illiterate and kindly Southerners, were full of apologies and pleadings. The family had great difficulty in not losing these farcical spies, and came to feel a sort of paternal care for them. This is the comic, tender, lovable Italy. But on the debit side the account is heavy. Worse than the direct persecution were its consequences—we get a faint taste of it in our own rural spy manias to-day—the Treves were turned out of their flat because the landlord was afraid of the consequences of housing the politically unpopular; they had the greatest difficulty in getting anywhere to live once it was discovered police would be permanently in the doorway; relations, too, were chary for the same reasons. The Treves were turned into social lepers. Not surprisingly, this was ruinous to their nerves.

M. ANDRÉ SIEGFRIED'S *Suez and Panama* (Cape; 10*s.* 6*d.*)—is, of course, a witty and very readable book. It is a history of the two great waterways which are likely to have enormous importance in the course of the present war. Dated by the French defection, it nevertheless provides a valuable background. On the canals, M. Siegfried says, the war will be won or lost.

PRINCESS PAUL SAPIEHA is an American lady who married a Polish Prince and settled on a Polish estate. *Polish Profile* (Heinemann; 10*s.* 6*d.*) is a gossipy account of her life there, the aches and pains of adjustment, and the incidents by which the growing German menace gradually broke into the full roar of war and flight. On the Polish character the Princess is fairly objective; on the social scene she is sketchy; but her book is one more picture of the pathos of private life in its losing struggle for existence to-day. There is a curious account of a hunting-party given for Goering at Bialowierza. The General fired at his wolf and missed; and, in the best traditions of comic big-game hunting, a slaughtered animal was quickly and tactfully produced.

***Secretary** and manager at Larkhill is Mr. Carter, and also cashier of the savings bank. These banks are always welcomed wherever the Y.M.C.A. starts one, one important function being to forward on by post or even telegraph money to men who have been moved to another station*

***Cakes** to the number of 3000 a day are baked at the Y.M.C.A. bakehouse at Amesbury and eaten at Larkhill. Cutters-up are Mrs. Auld and Mrs. J. N. S. Pasley, whose husbands are stationed near by*

Are You Being Served?

The "Bystander" Goes Round the Canteens

No. 19. The Y.M.C.A. Canteen at Larkhill

Larkhill's Y.M.C.A. centre is in a fine building opened in 1937 as a memorial to Sir Arthur Yapp. But its large canteen and billiard-room and paid staff of seven were quite inadequate for its vast numbers of customers, especially after the B.E.F. returned from France. When the Staff Captain asked the Secretary what could be done about it, the latter, Mr. Carter, said he'd put up and equip a marquee annexe behind the permanent building. For staffing it, Mrs. N. W. Holbrook was called in. She collected a band of officers' wives and daughters as voluntary helpers, and the same night the canteen annexe was in full swing. The two canteens are open from 8.30 to 9.30 a.m., 12.30 to 2.30 p.m., and 4.30 to 9.30 p.m., the last being the rush hour, before lights out at 10 p.m. About 2000 men use the canteens every night. How much they really appreciate the amenities and cheerful, friendly atmosphere is shown by Mr. Carter's report that if he asks for four volunteers for canteen fatigue, he'll get twelve at least, and without asking there's usually a soldier, coat off, sleeves rolled up, helping to wash up or carry heavy trays and buckets

***Grass** on the ground and canvas overhead are in keeping with slacks for waitresses. Mrs. Alec Grieve wore them. Her husband is a captain in the R.A. The Larkhill marquee annexe was opened on May 31, so by now most of the grass has been trodden away*

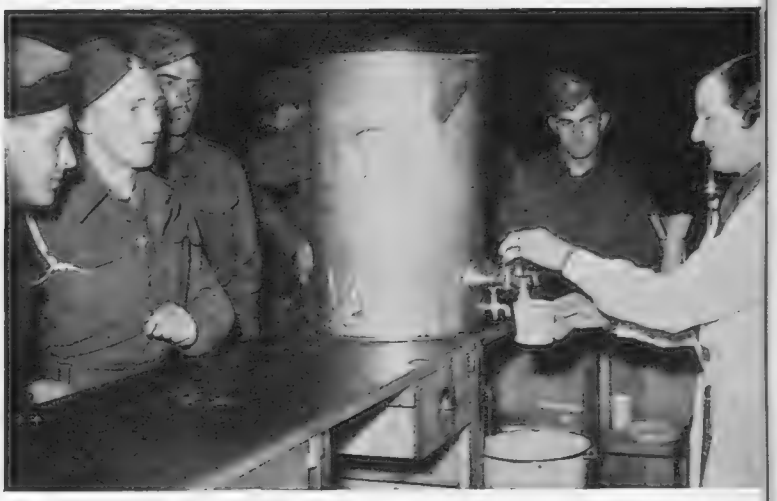
***Washing-up** arrangements are rather primitive for the annexe canteen. A large zinc bath on a table just behind the counter has to be refilled with pails of hot water from the kitchen a few yards away. Washers-up are Mrs. Bayley, wife of Lieut.-Colonel Bayley, Mrs. Mostyn, whose husband is a major, and Mrs. FitzGibbon, wife of Brigadier Francis FitzGibbon*

***Tea** is drunk at the rate of 1800 cups a day—i.e., 18 out of every 20 men pay their penny per cup for this now-rationed brew. Stacking mugs for the next rush is Mrs. Meek, wife of the Small Arms School M.O.*

Hot drinks *come out of the urn on the counter, attended by Mrs. Ramus, wife of a major in the Gunners. Waiting her turn at the tea-tap is Miss Anne Crowe, daughter of Colonel Crowe*

Service *in the marquee canteen is by wives and daughters of officers stationed in the district. Miss Betty Dennett is the daughter of Captain Dennett, and a regular helper*

Cold drinks *come out of bottles by means of straws. This kind of orange juice is particularly good in hot weather. Selling it is the Rev. J. W. Marrett, who, after his return from Boulogne, put in time helping at the canteen before his next appointment*



Service *in the permanent canteen is by members of the paid staff or by military volunteers — except for Mrs. Asher, Commandant of the Cornwall A.T.S. now stationed at Larkhill*

Two workers *in the permanent canteen are Emlyn Phillips and W. H. Wills, who was with a mobile canteen in France before the evacuation. 1200 of the pork pies he is serving are eaten daily at Larkhill*

Two workers *in the marquee canteen photographed table-swabbing (because that's what they seem to do most of, they say) were Mrs. Hill, wife of Major C. V. Hill, and Mrs. N. W. Holbrook. Behind in horn-rimmed spectacles is Secretary Carter. Mrs. Holbrook is head of the voluntary staff and got the canteen going the same day that Mr. Carter put up and equipped the marquee*

The shirt-dress, a classic that has proved its worth, will be invaluable this autumn. Marshall and Snelgrove, Oxford Street, have the one above in grey jersey, the darts on the bodice widening to unpressed pleats in the skirt. It has amusing stud fastenings, and during the sale you can buy it in the knitwear department on the ground floor for 5½ guineas. They also have a practical collection of odd jackets in cheerful colours, a good idea for brightening last year's suits

A new "defensive weapon" has been produced by Marshall and Snelgrove, the helmet hat. A light-weight steel cap, with a rubber edge to prevent pressure, is fitted inside an ordinary hat so that it is completely concealed. A town model is shown above, but they have sports and country hats as well. Prices are from two guineas complete

Fashion Turns Practical

Double purpose clothes now claim first place, and here is an example from the new Braemar collection by Innes Henderson, of Hawick. You can wear it as a sweater, buttoned up to the neckline, or as a cardigan over jumpers and blouses. As it is pure cashmere it wears and washes perfectly, and they have it in all sorts of attractive colours. The bows and band trimming are of the same wool, and the shoulders are padded to keep their tailored shape

Capt. Desmond Verney and Lady Kathleen Cole

Captain Desmond Lloyd Verney, youngest son of Sir Harry and Lady Joan Verney, of Little Burnford Manor, Salisbury, Wilts., and Lady Kathleen Irene Cole, youngest daughter of the Earl of Enniskillen and the late Countess of Enniskillen, were married at St. James's, Piccadilly. His father was Private Secretary to Queen Mary, also to the Queen, and Lady Joan Verney is an Extra Woman of the Bedchamber to Queen Mary

Sec.-Lt. Fairfax-Cholmeley and Miss Ogilvy-Wedderburn

Francis William Fairfax-Cholmeley, R.A., and Janet Meta Ogilvy-Wedderburn, eldest daughter of Sir John Ogilvy-Wedderburn, Bt., and Lady Ogilvy-Wedderburn, of Silvie, Meigle, Perthshire, were married at Chelsea Old Church. He is the son of the late H. C. Fairfax-Cholmeley, and Mrs. Fairfax-Cholmeley, of Swathgill, Hovingham, Yorks.

Four Weddings

Mr. Meynell and Miss Diana Ponsonby

Mark Meynell, youngest son of Col. and Lady Dorothy Meynell, of Hoar Cross, Burton-on-Trent, and nephew of the Earl of Dartmouth, and Diana Mary Ponsonby, second daughter of Col. Charles Ponsonby, M.P., and the Hon. Mrs. Ponsonby, of Woodleys, Woodstock, Oxon., and niece of Lord Aldenham, were married at St. Mary's, Wootton, Oxon.

John Michael Wood, Grenadier Guards, eldest son of Lieut.-Col. and Mrs. W. Wood, of Blackthorpe, Rougham, Suffolk, and Edmée Weisweiller, second daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Gustave Weisweiller (Goring Hotel, Ebury Street, S.W.1, formerly of 43, Lowndes Square, S.W.1), were married at the Royal Military Chapel, Wellington Barracks, with a reception at the Belgrave Square house of the bride's grandmother, Lady Sassoon

Sec.-Lt. Wood and Miss Edmée Weisweiller

Adèle Dixon *signed her name in autograph-hunting soldiers' pay-books at the first night of "Chu Chin Chow," at the Palace*

Sonja Henie *is now Mrs. Dan Topping, was photographed with her New York millionaire husband at a Hollywood premiere. He is twenty-eight, was formerly married to film-star Arlene Judge, owns a professional football team, the Brooklyn Dodgers. She is said to have earned £175,000 in 1938 after she gave up championship skating for her Hollywood career*

Women in the Lighter News

Lady Crosfield *had her niece, Domini Papalexopoulo, daughter of a Greek admiral, to help her pick lime flowers in her Highgate garden. The flowers are dried in the sun and then used for making lime tea, good for the digestion and nerves*

Jean Nicoll *wrote her lawn tennis celebrity name in the autograph-book of a young programme-seller at the Reigate tennis tournament in aid of the Red Cross. She played in two matches, both drawn, one with Miss D. Curly, the other with W. C. Choy*

Victoria Hopper, *Zena and screen stars who went to campaign. Harrods turned recruiting and enquiry offices National Savings campaign.*

Lilli Palmer *sold National Savings Certificates from 3 o'clock onwards on Tuesday last week at Harrods, and autographed the savings books of all her customers. This was good publicity for the woman-power and savings campaign as staged by Harrods (more pictures below)*

Jacqueline Craven, *nineteen-year-old model from Northwood, Middlesex, who earns £14 a week, put on the grey cap and uniform of a Green Line "clippie," or woman conductor, and was much photographed with buses and men conductors. This was good publicity for the L.P.T.B. recruiting campaign for women (23 to 35 years old) to take over ticket-selling as the men are called up*

Leonora Corbett and Helena Pickard *played houp-là at the cabaret-matinée tea organised by the Actresses' Franchise League in aid of unemployed theatrical artists. Miss Pickard is Lady Hardwicke (Cedric Hardwicke's wife) in private life*

Alice Delysia and Evelyn Laye *helped with the matinée tea at Grosvenor House in aid of artists out of work because of war conditions in the theatre world. Mlle. Delysia, safely back from France, made her first public appearance since her return, compering the cabaret. Miss Laye won her bath-salts at a side-show*

Dare and Lilian Braithwaite *were three of the stage Harrods last week to help in the woman-power recruiting their shop-street in the middle of the store into a street of (see "Bystander," July 10th) for women's services and the A.T.S., W.R.N.S. and W.A.A.F. are represented here*

Violet and Irene Vanbrugh *also visited the Harrods woman-power and savings demonstration last week and were photographed with members of the St. John Ambulance Brigade, Red Cross, Civil Nursing Reserve, and W.V.S.*

"And We Shall Shock Them"

A Page of Gallant Exploits

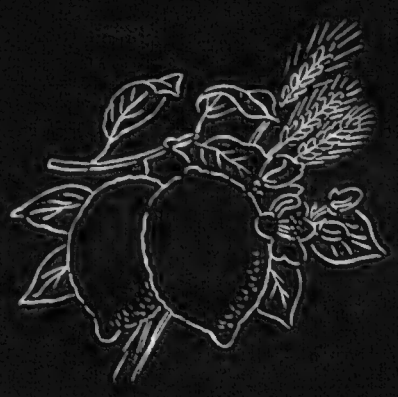
"*With great daring,*" *said Mr. A. V. Alexander, First Lord of the Admiralty, describing in the House the exploit of the motor-boat commanded by Lieut.-Commander R. H. Bristowe which disabled the Richelieu, "the motor-boat successfully passed the boom defences and went alongside the port quarter of the Richelieu. . . . I am sure the House will join with me in paying tribute to the gallantry with which this operation was carried out, for it must be obvious that whoever undertook an operation like that ran the risk the whole time of blowing himself up"*

Wife of Bobby Bristowe, thirty-three-year-old stockbroking ex-Naval officer who rejoined at the outbreak of war to perform ten months later a feat of great daring and of immense value to the country, lives at Shepherd's Corner, Forest Row, Sussex, and has her Old English sheep (or carpet) dog to keep her company. Life is not so quiet for her either; for it was at Forest Row that a German aircraft unloaded two bombs one night last month. Mrs. Bristowe is also on service now, as a member of the W.R.N.S.

"*With great pluck and presence of mind*" *Mrs. Norman Cardwell, wife of a farmer in the North-East of England, "disarmed and took into custody an airman who had landed by parachute from an enemy aircraft damaged during an attack on Monday." So read the official announcement that Mrs. Cardwell, twenty-four hours after her exploit, had been awarded the medal of the Order of the British Empire. The airman landed in a field just over the hedge from the Cardwell's front garden, and Mrs. Cardwell got possession of his revolver and held him at bay with it until soldiers arrived*

A bag of five German supply ships was reported by Lieut. W. D. A. King, D.S.O., R.N., Commander of the submarine Snapper, after a cruise in Norwegian waters. This with four or five others torpedoed by the same submarine in April brings Lieutenant King's score to a fine total. He was awarded the D.S.O. in May "in recognition of daring, endurance, and resource in the conduct of hazardous and successful operations in submarines against the enemy."

KIA-ORA, Queen of Drinks,
Rouses appetite that sinks
From effulgence
Of indulgence.



Pearl Freeman

Sheila Gordon-Smith

Is the youngest daughter of Sir Allan and Lady Gordon-Smith, of Walhurst Manor, Cowfold, Sussex, and is engaged to Sec.-Lieut. Roger Cook, R.A., grandson of Mr. and Mrs. T. Cook, of Hobland House, Great Yarmouth. Her father is a member of Lord Beaverbrook's Aircraft Emergency Committee

Lenare

Gene Bullard

Is engaged to Captain David Cherry, Herts Yeomanry, elder son of Mr. and Mrs. H. G. Cherry, of Hornbeams Green, Welwyn, Herts. She is the only daughter of the late Lt.-Col. Gerald Bullard, and Mrs. Bullard, of Gressenhall, Norfolk

Lenare

Beatrice Fitz-George

Is engaged to Sec.-Lieutenant K. D. H. (Mickey) Rowlette, Royal Inniskilling Fusiliers, only son of Major and Mrs. L. M. Rowlette, of Haifa, Palestine. She is the elder daughter of the Rev. F. S. L. and Mrs. Fitz-George, of the Rectory, Newington, S.E.11

Lenare

Sheila Fitz-George

Is the younger sister of Beatrice Fitz-George, and announced her engagement the day after her sister's was announced, to Lorne Campbell Robson, only son of L. C. Robson, of Newcastle, and Watermead, Windermere. Both sisters are working in the same department at the Ministry of Information

Getting Married: The "Bystander's" Review of Weddings and Engagements

Pilcher—Bamford Smith

Lieutenant Terence Pilcher, Royal Inniskilling Dragoon Guards, only son of Major and Mrs. H. W. Pilcher, of Shanghai, and Angela Bamford Smith, eldest daughter of Lieutenant-Colonel and Mrs. Bamford Smith, of Red Tile House, Merstham, Kent, were married at St. Katherine's, Merstham

Reynolds—Northen

Reuben Reynolds, elder son of Sir Percival and Lady Reynolds, of Digswell, Hertfordshire, and Phyllis Northen, only daughter of Lieut-Colonel A. Northen, and Lady Mayo-Robinson, of 91, Philbeach Gardens, S.W.5, were married at St. Philip's, Earls Court Road

Cocks—Thompson

Sq.-Leader the Rev. William Cocks, R.A.F., former Cambridge Rugger Blue, only son of Canon and Mrs. W. Cocks, of St. John's Vicarage, Felixstowe, Suffolk, and Barbara Thompson, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. H. Thompson, of Bridlington, Yorks., were married at Hampstead Parish Church

Wheeley—Watney

Sec.-Lieut. Arthur Wheeley, R.A., and Patricia Watney were married at St. Peter's, Ightham, Kent. He is the third son of the late J. T. M. Wheeley, and she is the only daughter of Colonel and Mrs. Watney, of Ivy Hatch Court, Sevenoaks, Kent

Latimer—Newbery

Geoffrey Denys Latimer, younger son of Sir Courtenay and Lady Latimer, of 29, Ashburn Place, S.W.5, and Diana Newbery, daughter of the late S. E. Newbery, and Mrs. Newbery, of 19, Seaforth Lodge, S.W.13, were married at St. Mary Abbots, Kensington

Jasper—Cochrane

Fl.-Officer Leslie Darlow Jasper, R.A.F.V.R., son of Mr. and Mrs. T. Darlow Jasper, of Beckenham, Kent, and Jean Cochrane, daughter of Brig.-Gen. J.K. Cochrane, C.M.G., and Mrs. Cochrane, of Warwick Square, S.W.1, were married at St. Gabriel's Church, Pimlico

Catherine Bell

Mrs. Denis Chilton

Lieut. Denis Francis Chilton, R.N., and Rosemary (Jonesey) Howe, daughter of Charles Maitland Howe, and Mrs. Lionel Maitland, of 50, Melbury Court, W.8, had a June wedding. He is the son of Vice-Admiral F. G. C. Chilton, and the late Mrs. Chilton

Bassano

Mrs. Leslie Ingram

Fl.-Lt. Leslie Lyle Ingram, R.A.F., and Jane Olive Whittingham, only daughter of Air Vice-Marshal and Mrs. H. E. Whittingham, of the Pennings, Wendover, Bucks., had a country wedding in June. His parents are Mr. and Mrs. John Ingram, of Ulster Bank House, Omagh, Co. Tyrone

Catherine Bell

Mrs. Derek Colls

Derek A. Colls, younger son of Mr. and Mrs. A. B. H. Colls, of 40, Gloucester Walk, W.8, and Goldenfields, Liphook, Hants., and Amy Christie Crawfurd, daughter of Captain and Mrs. Christie Crawfurd, of Beveree, Hampton-on-Thames, were married recently at Chelsea Old Church

Pearl Freeman

Mrs. Alan Leathers

Alan Leathers is the eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. F. T. Leathers, of 3, Whitehall Court, S.W.1. His bride was Elspeth Graeme Stewart, younger daughter of Sir Thomas Stewart, Governor of Behar, and Lady Stewart. She has been reading history at St. Andrews University

Lenare

Mrs. W. B. P. Bradish

W. B. P. Bradish, Royal Irish Fusiliers, and Bridget Strutt were married last month. He is the only son of Capt. and Mrs. G. S. Bradish, of Coolbrook, Wellingtonbridge, Co. Wexford. She is the daughter of the late G. H. Strutt, and Mrs. Strutt, of Bridgehill, Belper, Derbyshire, and Kingairloch, Argyll

Bassano

Mrs. Patrick Cowley

Patrick Cowley, Royal Northumberland Fusiliers, and Susan Friend were recently married. His parents are Lt.-Col. V. L. S. Cowley, Royal Ulster Rifles, and Mrs. Cowley, of Greens Old Farm, Bucklebury Common, Newbury, Berks. Hers are Brig. and Mrs. A. L. I. Friend, of Scuttington Manor, Sittingbourne, Kent

All through our childhood there was magic in these words. As we grew older "the holidays" were looked forward to throughout the working year.

But today . . . the German armies have overrun half Europe. Thousands have fled from their bombed and burning homes. Invasion threatens our Island. We must put aside all thought of going away for holidays until this war is over and victory is won.

So let us speed up our war effort. Let us lend our "holiday money" to the Nation. Put every shilling into National Savings (Savings Certificates, Defence Bonds, National War Bonds, Post Office and Trustee Savings Banks). The money is urgently needed to pay for the equipment of our fighting forces — for the defence of our shores, our homes, our lives.

This year make your holiday weeks National Savings Weeks!

Issued by the National Savings Committee, London

"Bystander" Short Story

A Nice Fright

By Theodora Benson : *Illustration by Kiddell-Monroe*

LORETTA walked along the platform with a touch of swagger, got into an empty third-class compartment and put her small suitcase on the rack. She began to imagine Harry, testing a car up at Brooklands perhaps, or taking a customer for a demonstration, then coming home in the evening to find her note on the cocktail cabinet.

"Planning to give *me* a nice fright, indeed!" thought Loretta.

But after a while she got bored in the compartment alone. She wasn't the sort of girl to be alone. There wasn't even a corridor, no hope that someone might wander in. Her pretty face lit up when a handsome stranger got in at the next stop. He had a healthy, sun-tanned look. She thought he had a certain charm.

The train moved off.

"Do you know what time this train gets anywhere?" she said.

He told her; "I 'm only going to the next stop; Dockering. I 'm afraid I don't know beyond that."

"Oh, well," she said, "it doesn't really matter *what* time I get to Durdlesea."

They smiled at each other and began to talk. She explained that she was running away.

"From something terrible?"

She thought of her long, lean Harry, sallow and haggard, with straight, greased black hair, with cynical eyes under uneven eyebrows, and a crooked smile.

"No, nothing terrible. Just my husband Harry." They loved each other, she told him, suited each other too.

"We 're two of a kind. We manage to be comfortable in the house in Kingston because I 've got a little daily maid who 's a clever kid and very funny and nice. In the evening if I 'm in the mood I 'm quite good at savouries and fancies. And if I 'm not, well, unlike most men Harry agrees that a wife's best friend is her tin-opener. We love to be as free as we can be, able to dash off in the old racing tin-kettle. We kinda fit."

But they were both extravagant and both flirted; they 'd been having rows lately. And she 'd overheard Harry tell one of the boys that he was going to walk out on her for a few days to give her a nice fright.

"So next day I packed my grip and walked out on him. And now it isn't me who 's going to get a nice fright, it 's HAR-RY!"

She laughed.

Then she picked up her newspaper, seeking a way back to more impersonal ground.

"My paper 's full of bits to-day," she told him happily. "Earl's heir slain in love nest. Archdeacon peddles cocaine. Quadruplets born with no roofs to their mouths in a laundry. Mad conjurer produces human tongue out of top-hat. Oh, and here 's a nice rape in the B.B.C."

"How 's that case getting on about the man who strangles the beautiful women?" he asked.

She looked thoughtful.

"Do you know, I nearly gave up following that one? Because to strangle three beautiful rich women by twisting silk stockings round their necks, is kinda nasty. This last one struggled so, poor thing; she even bit him. I see where it says they found human skin and blood on her teeth."

"Not a very dainty touch," he agreed.

"I 'll tell you what interests me about it," she said. "I like a bit of psychology, see? Well, here are the women, all rich and beautiful; how could he get such an influence on them? Well, I mean to say. . . ."

"He 's probably very charming."

"Don't talk nutty; he 'd give one the creeps. Well, I know I 'm kinda sensitive, a bit psychic maybe, but I couldn't be in a room two minutes with a man like that."

"But then you 're not at all an ordinary sort of woman, Mrs. . . ."

"Loretta 's the name."

"Mine 's Martin."

"Nice name. . . . I say, it 's getting hot in here."

He got up and opened the window. As he did so, she noticed a curious-looking wound on his wrist. Without thinking she said, "Oh, my poor sweet, you 've hurt your wrist! Show Momma."

And before he had time to think he said furiously, "A dog bit it. Will you, for God's sake, mind your own business?"

There was a pause. The air of the railway compartment became charged with tension.

"There 's no need for *you* to bite *me*," said Loretta rather faintly. "Cat got your manners, if you ask me." She made a pretence of reading her paper. His eyes never left her.

"Would you like to know who I am?" he asked suddenly.

"I 'm not interested in who you are."

"I 'm going to tell you what I am."

"No!" and she said it emphatically. He asked himself uncertainly, agonisingly whether there was a hint of panic in the husky voice. "I travel in underclothes," he informed her.

"What of it? So do I. Old music-hall gag."

"I mean, I 'm a commercial traveller with a nice line of ladies' lingerie samples. I 'm going to show you my samples." He got his case down from the rack.

"Now, look here," she said less stiffly, "you can't sell me anything, see? I can't waste any money because I don't know quite when I 'll see Harry again."

"No, you don't, do you? Who can tell when you 'll see Harry again?"

"Actually, of course, I 'll go back very soon."

"That 's what you think. But maybe, and maybe not."

"Well, for God's sake," said Loretta, "are you psychic or something? You don't think something is going to happen to Harry?"

"No, nothing is going to happen to Harry."

If she had been rattled at all by his outburst over that teeth wound, she certainly did not seem to be rattled now. He watched her with painful intentness, trying to read her mind. Perhaps everything was all right. If only he could be sure. He said chattily:

"Do you think killing someone is ever justifiable, Loretta?"

"Why, sure it is, in self-defence."

"What sort of self-defence?"

"Well, there is old worse-than-death, of course. And there 's death, which is a bit more serious. And there 's if a person knows too much."

"If you knew too much now," said Martin, "if you knew too much. . . . If you learnt that I forged money, or found by accident that my case here was full of cocaine."

"How would you know that I knew it was cocaine? Why wouldn't it be tooth powder?"

"You are a very clever girl," he said. "That 's exactly it."

"Oh, I 'm smart all right," she agreed.

"Look in here!" Martin's voice suddenly sounded harsh and ominous. He opened the case.

"I just don't believe you 've got cocaine there," she said, "nor a negro head in a red wig, neither."

He explained that he wasn't selling underclothes to private individuals because he couldn't sell less than a dozen sets at a time. But stockings, now; a girl would be very well advised to buy those by the dozen pair. He ran a long silk specimen lovingly through his hands.

"Stockings can be put to all sorts of uses, Loretta. You could strain coffee through them. Surprised by cold weather without a scarf, you could wear them round your neck . . . very warm and soft and snug . . . stockings round the neck."

Leaning forward he made as though to loop a pair over her head, but she pushed him off brusquely. For the life of him he couldn't read her expression as anything but part angry and part comical.

"Stockings can be put to all sorts of uses, Loretta"

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"Stockings for a scarf, indeed! That's what I call salesmanship with a great big O for Overdoing it."

He began to pack his things again. She looked out at the fields that were all gay and innocent in the sunshine and decked with yellow flowers. Very clearly and poignantly she saw Harry's face superimposed upon them, with one dark eyebrow climbing up a little as he smiled a charming and slightly derisive smile.

Opposite her Martin was smiling, too, looking nice and normal, and healthy—and rather tender.

He was going on a different tack now.

"Sweet Loretta," he said, "I wish I was coming to Durdlesea with you."

"Oh, yeah? Well, I might pick up worse."

He reached out and seized one of her hands. She snatched it away with a playful smack. He caught both her hands and moved over beside her.

"You're a lovely girl."

"That's what I think, Martin. Just give me back those hands, will you? There must be some mistake; they're mine."

He kissed her. She gave a little cooing laugh. She rubbed her cheek against his and then leant a bit away.

"You are a bad lad," she said. "Now you go back to your own seat. Basket, Pompey."

He caught her roughly, closely, to kiss her with passionate fervour, but she wriggled to her feet and hit him on the jaw.

"It isn't that I can't take it," she cried; "I won't take it, see?"

His eyes narrowed. "So I give you the creeps now, do I? You were keen enough for a little fun at first."

He was almost certain. His voice sounded quiet and final, not flustered at all, for he knew what should be done. "So you *have* changed to me."

Loretta turned on him like a fury.

"I'll say I've changed and you know when and why. Just because I made a slight pretence of sympathy for you being hurt, you got scared that I was one of those possessive, maternal women, and you've been nagging and bullying me ever since. Well, I'm not, see? I don't care how many dogs bite you. If a hyena bit your face off and you came running to me for a bandage, I just wouldn't be interested. Mind you, I think the dog was right, but I'm still not interested. And next time you're bitten, which can't be too soon for me, I hope it will be bugs!"

As she stormed, Martin's taut expression slowly relaxed. In spite of himself he broke into a laugh.

"I'm sorry, kid; I got you wrong. I guess you're all right."

"All right?" she fumed. "I'll have you know I'm perfectly swell."

"You are and all. You're a grand girl, Loretta. Forgive me?"

She subsided back into her seat and into good temper. "Oh, I don't mind a row," she said sunnily. "They remind me of Harry!"

"Listen, is this fair?" said Martin. "I'll tell you something. Guess who's the only man in the world I envy."

"Harry?"

"That's who."

"Because I've run away from him?"

"Guess again."

"Because I'm going back?"

Oh, little house in Kingston! Oh, pert, devoted maid! Oh, speeding car!

The train began to slow up. Porters shouted "Dockering! Dockering!" Martin got up, collected his case and hat.

"Why, she's two minutes ahead of time."

"Too bad," said Loretta, "just when we'd got to be such friends."

They said good-bye. He stepped out.

"Bye-bye!" she called from the window, waving after him. "Have nice selling, ducky!"

She leaned back inside the compartment, holding on to the rack.

"Thank God!" she said in a polite conversational voice. She fell along the seat in a dead faint.

THE END.

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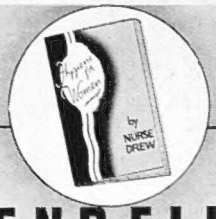

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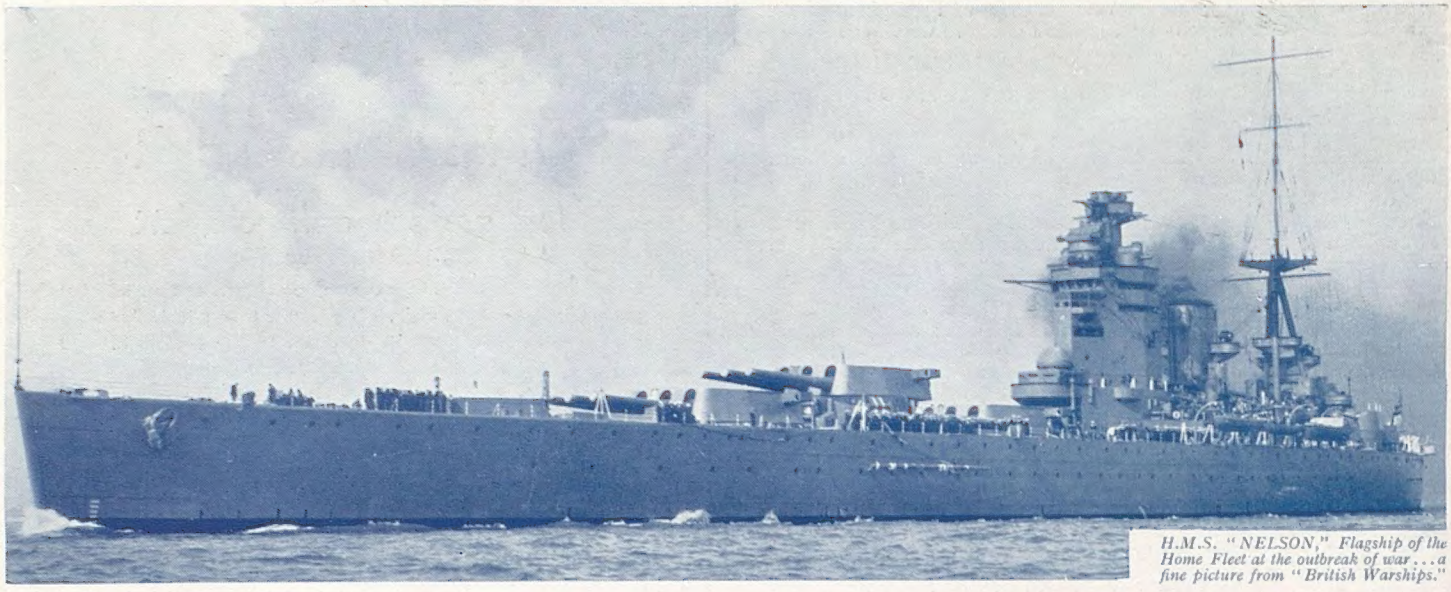

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